## BOY WHALER:

THE YOUNG ROVERS!!!

A Boy's and Girl's Voyage.

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### CHAPTER L THE YOUNG LOVERS.

Among the many charming homes by which the eastern shores of Long Island had become adorned, a score of years ago, was one which pre-eminently engages our attention. It was situated upon the fairest of the broad injets which characterize the gouthern side of Shelter Island, and was occupied by Mr. James Lawrence, a retired merchant prince of

There were but two persons visible about the grounds.

The one was a mere boy, a youth of sixteen or seventeen years, but one whose every look and action, young as he was, gave striking promise of no ordinary manhood. The companion of our hero was, like himself, at

The companion of our nero was, like aimself, at the very threshold of actual existence, a carcely turned of fourteen, flushed with the promise of a noble and glorious womanhood. She was Lily Lawrence, the only child and heiress of the retired merchant. Behind the young couple were the grounds and mansion; before them two small sail-boats, one of them bearing this name—The Water Lily.

Water Lily,
"I begin to be tired, Richard," at length murmures
the young girl. "The boat is now in the shade, as
pleasant as can be, rocking softly on the beach. Let "Agreed, Lily," responded the youth. "We'll have a good talk with each other."
"Well, what shall we talk about?" demanded the

'Let's talk about our future, Lily-what we will do when we are grown up," suggested Richard.
"I can't look forward farther than to-night," said
Lily, smiling. "Papa and mamma will be home about
ten o'clock from New York, with loads of presents for you and me, Richard. Let's guess what they will

bring us, Dick."
"Well; I guess a new dress for you, Lily, some jewelry—and a lot of puzzles and games,"
"I guess a lot of books for you, Dick, and a new set of chessmen, and a splendld gold watch."

The boy's eyes sparkled.
"How good father and mother are to me!" he said,
with deep feeling. "They could not treat me better
if I were their own son, instead of a waif washed on their beach years ago, before you were born, Lily."
"They love us equally, Dick," said Lily, tenderly. hope they won't forget our presents," she added, if I'm half-afraid they will, because they went to sw York on mysterious business."

"Mysterious business 7" echoed the lad. Lily nodded her head sagely.
"Yes," she said. "You know, Richard, I've got a
dreadful uncle, an awful bad man that used to make papa lots of trouble?"

"Yes, Lily,"
"Well, it's my opinion that my wicked uncle has turned up!" said Lily, solemnly,
"Oh, I hope not, Lily!" Richard exclaimed. "He's
a rough, bad man. He used to live with father and

do nothing till you were born, expecting to in-herit your father's wealth. But, after your birth, he cursed you awfully, and father sent him off, and he went to sea, and father thinks he's now mate or captain of a vessel.

tain of a vessel."

"Would you like to be a sallor, Dick?"

"No, Lily; I don't love the sea. It cast me on this beach, a forlorn and helpless child, robbing me of all my friends—of even my name," and the lad's bright face clouded over. "I wish I knew my real name, who I am, and if I have any relatives living. Mother says I was expensively dressed when they picked me up, half-drowned, and that I wore this chain and locket around my neck," and he drew from his bosom a slender Florentine gold chain, with an exquisite locket, delicately set with pearls in the form of a monogram. "I think my own mother put form of a monogram. "I think my own mother pu it on my neck, and I shall always wear it. See, Lily there are two locks of bair within the locket—a low and a black one, with the names 'Richard Anna.' I suppose they were the names of my

parents."
"Of course!" said Lily, as he restored the trinket to his bosom. "It's a pity they didn't put their full names; but if they had, I shouldn't have had my "I'm giad I'm not your brother, Lily," said Richard,

"Glad!" cried Lily, startled—"glad!"
"Yes, I am glad!" reiterated the lad, a soft glow
of tenderness suffusing his noble features. "If you

were my sister you would leave me some time, and I wart you always with me."

"I'll live with you, Dick," assented Lily,
"But I should want you for my wife, Lily," urged the lad, with the afder and tenderness of many an older lover. "Will you marry me, dear Lily?"

"Why, of course," said the little maiden naively.

"I expected to marry you, Richard, when I should be old enough." The lad was enraptured.

He drew Lily to him, showering kisses upon her face and hair, calling her by a host of tenser names that came rapidly to his tongue.

"Richard," said Lily, "engaged ladies always wear engagement rings. I ought to have one."

"You shall have a diamond one when I go to New York," hastly required the young lover. "If you York," hastily promised the young lover. "If you wouldn't mind a plain gold one, Lily, I've got one that's too small for me among my things. Will you

wear it till I can get a handsome one ! Lily graciously assented, and Richard hastened to-wards the mansion. When he had gone, the little maiden looked out

upon the pleasant bay,

"We ought to live here," she mused. "I am
sure this is the prettiest spot in the whole She watched the ships idly.

One of the ships exhibited a bustle and confusion

that showed it was on the point of departure. It was a whaling vessel, as its build and appearance plainly "She is going for whales," murmured Lily, half unconsciously; "she may be gone two or three years —most of the whale ships are."

She was still gazing at the outward-bound whaler, wrapt in her musings, when a dark and sinister face was thrust out from the shelter of a dense clump of bushes, a score of rods east of her, near the water, in the shadow of some cliffs, and a pair of flerce and inflamed eyes regarded her a moment with an evi

and scheming expression.

This wicked-looking face was withdrawn almost immediately into the depths of the bushes, as the sound of the lad's returning footsteps rang out on the

gravelled path.

"Here it is, Lily," said Richard, bounding over the beach into the boat, and proudly exhibiting the little circlet that was to be the seal of the childish betrothal. "Let me put it on your finger."

"I shall show it to mamma when she comes home," said Lily, "and tell her that we are engaged. See that ship, Dick, starting out on a voyage," she added, pointing at the distant vessel she had been watching. "I wish we had your pocket telescope here. Dick: I should so like to see the people on that

re, Dick; I should so like to see the people on that

whater.
"I can get it in three minutes," said Richard. "It's
on the library table."
He bounded away, and Lily sank down on the
cushions, pillowing her head upon one of them.

# CHAPTER II.

A DESPERATE RESOLUTION. She was tired with her day's sports and wanderings.
It was little wonder, then, that her head had scarcely pressed the cushion when she fell asleep.
Richard was absent full twenty minutes, returning to his sieeping charge when the shadows of evening were settling permanently around her. His search for his portable telescope had for some time been respected.

"Here it is, Lily," he said, springing to the side of the boat. "I thought I never should find it, and, now I've got it, it's too late to use it. Why, Lily, darling,

Pve got it, it's too late to use it. Why, Lily, darling, are you asieep?"

He looked down upon the unconscious little maiden, caressed her hair, and covered it tenderly. "Poor little tired Lily," he whispered, softly. "It would be a pity to wake her up. How fast it has grown dark! I wonder if I couldn't carry her into the house without waking her."

He was about to carry the idea into execution, when he stddenly remembered a softly-cushioned hand-wagon which had been purchased for Luly's use the previous year, after a long illness which had left her too weak to walk.

"I'll get the wagon," he thought, "and draw her to the house without a jolt. She'll awake ou the parlor sofa after father and mother come home. What a surprise it will be for her!"

Eager to carry out his design, he hastened in search of the invalid wagon. He was not long absent, returning softly, fearful of disturbing his young charge.

The boat was gone!
Looking wildly around, he caught a glimpse of it,
fifty yards away, with its sall flapping, and yet going
rapidly seaward. Even while he gazed the gathering
mist and gloom closed in upon the mere point the
boat presented to his sight, and it abruptly vanished.

For a moment the lad was stunned with the dreadful truth. "The boat has floated off the beach!" he eximed. "I might have foreseen it. The tide ha-en, and the wind with it. The wind is driving he claimed. seaward; but I will soon overtake her. Lily, darling,

He sprang into the remaining boat, pushed off, set the sail, and hurried off in pursuit of the girl, strain ing his eyes through the darkness to discover some But when he reached the spot where the boat had

vanished, and, straining his eyes in every direction, saw no sign of the missing boat and girl, he was alasken by a sharp and dreadful apprehension.

"Ob, Lily! my poor little Lily!" he groaned, with an anguish too great for expression, but without pausing in the earnest pursuit. "What does this mean? Where can the boat be? Why does it drift so swiftly? Oh, Liv!"

Oh, Lily!"
Keeping his eye fixed in the supposed direction of
the Water Lily, he strained every nerve, spread
every stich of sail in his wild frenzy, and yet he per-

every such of sail in his wild frenzy, and yet he per-ceived no sign of her.

"Help! help!" he shouted at ine" in despair, as his course led him past a group of fishing boats re-turning homeward from Sag Harbor, "Stop that boat! It got loose from Sheiter Island! Help!" His excited voice immediately commanded atten-tion. Naturally enough, perhaps, the fishermen, in-stead of seeking the missing boat, drow near to question the purpuer.

question the pursuer. In croken words, tremulous with excitement and eviving hope, Richard told his story as briefly as pos-Before many minutes had passed, the Water Lily

was overtaken and stopped.

Richard's boat fairly skimmed over the sound, his veins throbbing with his exuitant joy, his heart brimming over with a mighty thanksgiving.

"Is she asleep yet?" he asked. "She was very tired. I will not wake her up."

The fishers looked at each other in silence. Then they of them silently took a longer and dashed it.

one of them silently took a lantern and flashed The boat was empty!
There was a dent in the cushion where Lily's olden head had rested.

golden head had rested.

But Lily herself was gone!
"Where—where is Lily?" Dick gasped.
One of the fishermen answered:—
"She must have waked up dazed-like. Most likely she didn't know where she was. P'raps she thought she was getting out o' bed. Poor little Lily Lawrance! We all know'd her pretty, sweet face, and we all loved her! I never passed her pa's place without her wishin' me luck, and 'twas so with the rest. She was an angel, and she's gone home to live, Master Dick, with the rest of the angels!"
"Dead! drowned!" cried the boy, wildly, "Yes. Dead! drowned!" cried the boy, wildly. "Yes,

He stood there, white, tearless, and despairing, like a statue of grief.
"Her folke ought to be told," said one of the fishermen, in a low tone.
Slowly and reluctantly he trimmed his sail, and set

ut upon his errand.
The remaining fishers then strove, in their rude, kindly way, to comfort the stricken iad. But the sound of their voices jarred on his tortured spirit, and he cried:"I want to be alone. Let me go off by myself!

Oh, Lily, Lily!"
The lishers drew off silently and sadly, deeming it best to leave the lad alone with his grief, and soon Richard was solitary amid the shadows upon the

Perhaps I am over Lily's drowned body!" said aloud, peering over into the dark waters. "Oh, if I might only join her! I cannot live without At length he sat up, and looked with haggard face

towards his home.

Lights were gleaming from the windows of the dwelling, and lanterns were flashing along the beach, and over the lawn.

"They are looking for Lily and me," he murmured, faintly. "Father and mother have come home. On. I can never, never face them again! They took care of me all my life; they have showered continual blessings upon me—and what a return I have made! They I it like in my charge and return to druk he!

They 1 it Lily in my charge, and return to find her drowned! They will loathe the sight of me. It was through my carelessness Lily was drowned—Lily for whom I would gladly have laid down my own life! With sudden eagerness for dight he adjusted his sail and directed his course towards Sag Harbor, his only idea being to hide himself somewhere where the reproachful glances of Lily's parents might never

The great lantern of the whaling vessel drew nearer and nearer, as did the lights of Sag Harbor. As he approached the vessel in the darkness, and marked its signs of immediate departure, a desperate thought entered his mind.

"She is only waiting for some of the stragglers of her crew," he thought. "The wind is right. She'll soon be off. Where can I lose myself to father and mother so completely as on a whaler?"
He approached the vessel as quietly as possible.
She was lying to, just without Sag Harbor, heading towards Cedar Island. The night was dark, and only a few men were visible on her deck. The lurid light of the lantern enabled Richard to note all these rd to note all the

circumstances sufficiently for his purpose.

He crept under the bow softly, seized the martingale by a desperate leap, and began to climb to the bowsprit, and thence, in the shadow of the jib, ercepting down to the deck. He paused when he had gained a secure footing, and removed his shoes, looking around and seeing that his arrival was unsuted. He then moved softly along the deck to the noticed. He then moved softly along the deck to the companion-way, slipped down, and found himself in a dimiy-lighted, disagreeably-smelling cabin.

The steward's pantry was off this, and Richard beheld a couple of individuals within it, engaged in imbibing hot liquors. Their backs were towards him, and the boy crept along in the shadow, gained an empty state-room, slipped in, and concealed himself beneath the bunk.

### CHAPTER III. LILY AND HER CAPTOR.

While our young heroine lay asleep in her boat upon the beach in front of her father's dwelling, during the absence of her foster-brother, as recorded, the sinister face which had peered upon her from a neighboring cluster of bushes was again thrust into prominence. Upon this repulsive visage and now appeared an expression akin to villainous

"It certainly looks so," muttered, in a hoarse voice, the individual to whom that evil-looking face be-longed. "The girl's asleep!"

As already stated, the shadows of night had en-

cloped the scene. Favored by the darkness, the in-ruder gained the beach unseen, sprang beside the locat, and bent over the sleeping child. There was light enough for him to mark her feares, and an exultant glow lit up his own as he auttered:-

"Asleep, sure enough!"

He chuckled coarsely, pushed off the boat, stepped lightly into it, set the sail, and seated himself in the stern. The wind immediately swelled the canas, blowing from the west, and the little craft sped out into the gloom now hovering over the waters, "The thing's done," breathed the villain, in a carcely audible whisper, as he looked shoreward and saw no sign of life or motion. "I shall get off with my prize without trouble."

When he had placed what he deemed a safe disperse between his necessary.

ance between his unconscious pursuer and himself the allowed his boat to fall off a little, and peered anxiously around him into the darkness.

"It was about here I ordered the boat to be in

waiting," he muttered. "An, there it is yonder! His cautious, hissing whisper was answered by a ow, irregular whistle.
"I his way, boys!" he said, making out the outline f an ordinary whale-boat near at hand, which had

een waiting for him.
The two boats approached each other, and their des soon touched.

The villain then lifted Lily very carefully in his arms, and stepped over into the whale-boat, treading upon Lily's hat as he west.

"Now for the ship, boys," he whispered. "Let the boat I came in drift where she will. Away with us—

The whale-boat darted away in obedience to these orders, and the Water Lily was left to be the sport of the winds and the waves, until found by the The little maiden stirred uneasily in the embrace of her enemy, and awakened with a sudden start.

"Is it you, Dick?" she asked. "Where are you taking me? Why, it's dark, and we're on the water. Dear Dick, let's go right home! Papa and mamma will seen be there!"

"Shut up, you young one!" commanded her enemy, menacingly. "Not a word-not a cry-or I'll chuck you over into the water!" Lily almost fainted with fright, her eyes looking

wildly up at her captor, and her heart almost ceasing is pulsations. Such a shock she had never before

The whale-boat avoided the fishing-boats upon the sound, steering straight for the whaling vessel which the young couple had remarked, and about which Lily had indulged in so many speculations, and which had so mysteriously delayed its departure.

In a short time the boat was alongside, the captain climbed to the deck with his light burden, and hartly descended to the captain. hastily descended to the cabin. What a place for the delicately-nurtured, daintily-

There was no one in the cabin, but a hideous black face looked out of the steward's pantry-the face of Captain Stocks set down his pale and trembling burden upon a wooden bench that served as a divan,

and called loudly to the black cook, who immediately obeyed the summons.

"This is my daughter, Scipio," said the captain, keeping his eyes fixed menacingly upon the little captive. "I told you yesterday that my wife ran away from me years ago, and took the girl with her, robbing me of my rights as a parent. I have taken

the law into my own hands, and brought my girl off

the law into my own hands, and brought my girl off to keep me company—"
"It isn't so," interrupted Lily, desperately, struggling with her astonishment and grief. "I am not this man's daughter, and wouldn't be for a million worlds. I am Lily Lawrence, and my father lives on Shelter Island, and I want to go home—"
"You hush up!" cried the captain, with a look that made her shudder with fear. "You understand, Sciplo, that you are to keep your eye on this young lady. You are not to let her out of your sight."
"I'll remember, sir," said Sciplo, with a grin that showed his double row of Ivorles.
"And, Sciplo, you are not to listen to her prayers and beseechings."
"No, cap'n," said Sciplo. said Scipio.

"No, cap'n," said Shipio.
"And if I tell you to fling her overboard, you will "Yes, cap'n," said the negro, who had evidently "Yes, cap'n," said the negro, who had evidently been previously instructed what to say on the present occasion, "if you say so," and he drew a huge clasp-knife from his pocket, and assumed a threatening appearance, "I take the young lady's head

right off."

He glared at Lily as he spoke, moving a step towards her, and the child fairly screamed with

fright, "That is right," said Captain Stocks, satisfied that the desired impression had been made upon his captive, "Go into the pant.", Scipio; I want to talk th the girl alone."

The cook obeyed, closing the door behind him.

The captain stood in front of Lily, looking exult-

antly upon her, antly upon her.

He was a great, powerful man, with sandy hair and beard, a pair of sinister eyes, and a fare that showed a nature given up to evil and wickelaess. His brawny hands were rough, the cords being heavily knotted; his neck was thick and short; and his entire appearance was at once formidable and wonder that delicate little Lily shivered and

rembled before him, vaguely wondering if it were not all a bad dream, and she would awaken from it r-and-by, "Do you know who I sm?" asked the captain, after surveying her a little while in silence.
"I know you are a dreadful man," said thiy, with a
great sob, not daring to avoid answering.

"Well, who do you suppose I am?"
"I-I suppose you are the very worst man in the corld," said poor, frightened little Lily, alarmed at "You flatter me," replied the captain, with a sinis-ter smile; "but you don't quite get my blea. Let me tell you a little story. Children are fond of stories,

Once on a time-to begin in the good old waythere were two half-bruthers. The younger was a wild, wheked boy," and he succeed. "He didn't like to go to solved—that's what they say in the blogcaphies of wheked boys, ain't it?—he ran away to sea, and all that "-and again be succeed. "The rather of these boys died when the boys got to be young men, and it was found that he had left all his wealth to the good, eider boy, and left the bad, younger son dependent upon the bounty of his brother. Can you

Lily was looking up at him with wild and wonderng eyes, her tangle of golden curls pushed back rom her white brows, and her pale face all aglow with suppressed excitement. She nodded gravery,

with suppressed exchement. She nodded gravery, and he continued:—

"The good brother built him a splendid home on Shelter Island, and married a rich girl, and was very happy"—and the captain's sneer was fearfully bitter. "The wicked brother lived with thus good and happy couple a whole year, thinking if they were to die, how rich he would be. But a baby came at the end of a year, and he knew that all that property would go to her, so he ran off and was never heard of by his brother again—never, that the other day, when this bad brother happened to be in New York, and wrote a letter to his rich brother, pretending to be sorry, and desiring to the forgiven. The rich brother and his wife harried on to bring the prodigal home, and their only child was left unguarded to fall into the wickel man's hands. In short, alies Lily, your papa went to New York on a wild-gosse chase, just to give me the opportunity to steal his dearest treasure."

"And you—and you—" gasped Lily, with dilating eyes.

am Captain Stocks, of the whater Dolphia, otherwise Hadley Lawrence, the wicked brother, said the captain, with a mocking bow and a sneer-

ing smile.
"Then you must be my bad uncle!" ejaculated "Then you must be my bad uncle!" ejaculated you Lily, full of horror and surprise. "What do you mean by carrying me off in this manner?" "I mean," he said, "to give you a voyage around the world.

"I-I don't understand you," said Lily, with a pitiful quiver of her lip.
"No? Then let me explain. My vessel is bound on a three years voyage. Before my return home, I shall put you in safe custody in some far oil quarter of the globe. I shall then come back, search out back files of papers, read the affecting account of the sad fate of Miss Lily Lawrence, only called of James Lawrence, and then open negotiations with my afflicied relatives. Should my brother and his wife both be dead of grie they will be—I shall enter into possession of the property, kick out that nameless, interloping boy—you dear Dick—and settle down into a virtuous, happ existence, keeping you well-guarded in your far-off prison. Can you understand my programme?"

"Yes, I understand you!" cried Lity, indignantly, "I should think you would choke with so many micked words."

"I should think you would choke with so many wicked words."

He opened a door beside Lily, and exhibited the small state room. A large new trunk stood against the wall, the key in the lock. The captain lifted the lid, displaying its contents.

"Why, those are my own things!" cried Lily, in astonishment, recognizing in the miscellaneous heap, dresses, underclothing, shoes, and hats such had worn. "How did they come here?"

"I got them out of your house this morning, when

"I got them out of your house this morning, when

you were in the garden, and the servants were off by themselves." "But I am not going off with you!" exclaimed Lily, "I am going ashore to papa, marama, and Dick."

She sprang up, darting towards the door of the cabin, with a wild hope of escape.

Before she could reach the companion-way, the captain's broad strides had brought him beside her, and his heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"None o' that!" he said, with an ugly look. "I've got to go ashore again on business before we sail, and I can't waste more time here. No use in your trying to escape. Sciplo has got his eyes on you."

He thrust her into the dark state-room, locked the deer withing the key in his pocket, and ordering the

He thrust her into the dark state-room, locked the door, putting the key in his pocket, and ordering the negro to keep a close guard over the captive.

He then went about his business.

The child thoroughly exhausted herself with the vehemence of her emotions and exertions to escape, calling wildly on her parents for rescue, but at last she dropped into her berth, moaning and sobbing faintly.

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, come to me! Come and save your poor Lily!"

The poor little captive had no suspicion of Richard's presence, and yet, by a merciful Provi-dense, the desperate resolution of our young hero had carried him aboard of that very vessel!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS, How lonely and desolate he was! No word can describe his sadness.

For a long time he lay there, thinking of his lost Lily, of her parents' despair and wretchedness, and of his hopeless, darkened life. The ship salled across Gardiner's bay, passed outside of Gardiner's layer and struck the swell of the Atlantic White. island, and struck the swell of the Atlantic. What a voyage—what a life—was before him!

"We are fairly out to sea," he said, at last, as the rolling and pitching of the vessel declared the fact.
"I must own up soon. I wonder what the captain will say when he sees me!"

He wind away has tears manfully rappled the

He wiped away his tears manfully, repulsed the feeling of desolation that came over him, and began slowly to emerge from his concealment. As might have been expected from the life he and Lily had led, spending half their time on the water, neither of them felt the slightest inclination to sea sickness. But to both the peculiar greasy odor per-vading the vessel was almost intolerable, and Richard began to long for the fresh air of the decks.

He crept across the state room, and placing him-self noiselessly in the doorway, peered into the dingy cabin. dingy catin.

The door of the steward's pantry was open, and the steward—a negro named Tawkins—was engaged in entertaining Scipio with a tempting beverage, receiving in return all the news at Scipio's commonly.

mand.
"So the captain has brought his daughter aboard, has he?" said Tawkins. "I jest wish I could a seen her. Does she look like the captain?"
"About as much as a lamb looks like a tiger," said Scipio, with agrin. "Why, she's a timy-touty thing, with hair the color o' sunshine, and eyes like bits o' dann him shy. She's coing to make a versue with deep blue sky. She's going to make a voyage with us!"

"It's bad luck to have a women aboard," said Taw-kins, reflectively. "I knew of a ship once, where the captain's wife was aboard, and the ship was lost and every soul drowned. It's a temptin' o' Provi-dence to take women to sea!" dence to take women to sea!"

"It'd be worse luck to go against the captain's will!" declared Scipie. "Why he can rage worse than the wind can, and the weight of his arm is somethin awful. Last vyage, you knew, he liked to a killed one of the sallors, and that very feller is in the New York 'ospitile now with a general used-up body. Can't walk, nor talk, nor nothin'—so I hear. The captain is awful!"

Richard began to think he might batton have

Richard began to think he might better have re-mained ashore.
"Is the captain's bed made, Tawkins?" asked Scipio, after a pause.
The staward replied in the negative.
"I'll make it than," said Scipio, "and you can help.
Where are the blankets and sheets?" Richard, anticipating the reply, closed the door and

concealed himself behind the further pile of blan-A moment later, the two negroes entered the

state-room, and commenced leisurely selecting the required stores. "What did you say the young lady's name was, Scipio?" inquired Tawkins, holding a lantern, while his friend tumbled over the piles of blankets. "I didn't say, but it's Lily. The captain found her on Sheiter Island." on Shelter Hahm.
What a great leap Richard's heart gave! He started so violently as almost to betray himself, and

was with difficulty he could prevent himself from uttering a shout.
A conviction of the glorious truth flashed upon his

soul with the quickness of lightning.

Lily was hving—was on board this verf vessel.

While his mind was in a maze of blastui rapture the two men passed out, and he was left to himself.

His first impulse was to fling himself at full length and sob like a child. His joy and thanksgiving found vent in a shower of tears, which seemed to relieve alike the pressure on heart and brain. relieve glike the pressure on heart and brain.

Notwithstanding that the girl had been spoken of as the captain's daughter, he believed her to be his own lost Lily. As his brain grew clearer, his mind

grew busy with speculations, and he soon arrived at an idea somewhere near the truth. "Lily's uncle is a sailor, and what sailor beside ould want to carry her our take her far away, and maybe he means to kill father and mother, and inherit all the Lawrence property. Poor little Lily! My heart aches to comfort her. The key is inside her door. I must go to He again arose and peered out into the cabin.

The door of the captain's state-room was epen and the two negroes were busy making up the berth. He could not move yet to filly's assistance. He his heart sinking and swelling with despondency and hope, the captain and mate came down the companion-way, and sai down at the cabin table calling for sundry drinks, which Tawkins historical

he two men talked over their wine a full hour, telling what they should do in case their present whaling expedition proved successful, and drinking repeatedly to the desired success. It seemed to Richard as if they never would sepa-

He crouched behind the closed door, waiting for their departure, and trembling so that he could

I shall be a rich man one of these days. Bill," said "I shall be a rich man one of these days. Bill," said the captain at last, when the male are: "I might be now if twan't for two young uns—my girl in there and a boy that's nothing to nobody, a refuse of the waves, but who may stand between me and a handsome property. One of these days, Bill, when you are captain instead of mate of the old Dolphin, i may get you to dispose of my fine young gentleman for me. By George! I'd give a pretty sum to see that lad in your hands!"

The mate laughed, and said that he should be glad o see the same, for a layor done to Captain Stocks was sure of reward. He then went up on deck, caving the commander to himself.

Richard instinctively understood the "fine young anticinan" referred to to be himself. His guspicious

nat the captain was the brother of his foster-father and benefactor had received confirmation. It was another full hour before the captain relired, It was another still hour before the captain restred. He taked to Sciplo, enjoining on him a ceaseless vigilance toward the captave, promising him tempting rewards for fatationess. He listened at Lity's door to assure himself that she a ept, and finally he withdrew into his state-room, closed his door, and his lond breathing soon attested his somnotonee. Sciplo dung himself on the beach that served as a capin divan, and tossed and rolled about steeplessly, a full half hour more.

Dut at length he, too, slept.

Then Richard, who had remained steepless and vigilant, again opened his door, and looked out—with what breathlessness, with what subdued excitement, can be well imagined.

tement, can be well imagined.

The negro was snoring, with his face to the wall. teside him, there was no one in the cabin. The moky lamp burned dinny, and the sound of steady ramping came from the deck, where members of the vatch were walking and talking together.

waten were waising and talking together.

Breathless with excitement, Fichard stole out into
the cabin, closing his state-room door behind him.
The time had come for action.

Creeping nenselessly along the wait, his restless
gaze divided between the negro, the companion-way,
and the capitain's door, he stelle to the entrance of lly's apartment.

How he trembled as he turned the handle, pressing

It yielded to his touch—the door was not locked, He softly glided in! Closing the door behind him, he softly locked it,

Closing the door behind him, he softly locked it, finding the key in its place.

Then he crept up to the berth, and looked in, as well as the darkness permitted.

Yes, there was his Lity—his lost Lity—faint and pale as one dead, her golden hair streaming over her pillow, her long, curring lastes on her cheeks, validations and the cheeks and the control of the cheeks and the cheeks wallg the sweet, sbut eyes, and her breath faintly com-g and going between her parted lips. Weaty, strengthless, and despairing, she lay there

ke a broken flower. How Richard's heart swelled with joy and rapture as he looked on the lovely tace he had thought lying under the restless waves! What a mighty yearning tilled his soul at sight of her living, breathing form! "Lily!" he whispered softly, taking her lifeless hand in his own. hand in his own.

hand in his own.

The cyclashes stirred a little, and the hand quivered a little in his grasp.

"Illy!" he whispered again, with a solemn, ineffable tenderness. "Illy, darling—it is Dick!"

The words seemed to palvantze the little creature into new life. She opened wide her wondering eyes, icoked at him wildly—then a sudden comprehension of her great joy rushed over her, and she buried her face in his bosom, weeping out her thanksgiving.

She made no outery—she uttered no scream—such ranture as hers finds expression best in silent uch rapture as hers finds expression best in slient

Richard folded her close to his loving heart, and ed upon her bright head tears like hers-soiemn, What mettered all else? the perils they had passed? the dangers to come? To be communed in the New York Werkly, No. 58, now ready, where The Boy Whalks can be found, and for sale by every news agent throughout the Union.

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PROPOSALS. DROPOSALS FOR PORAGE

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,) DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 20, 1862.)

Proposals are invited from responsible parties until 12 M. MONDAY, Oct. 25, 1868, for furnishing all the CORN, OATS, HAY, and RYE STRAW (to be of first-cless merchantable quality) required at this depot during the year commencing Nov. 1, 1862. Forage and Straw to be delivered monthly, anywhere within one mile of limits of the cities of Washington and Georgeiown, at Fort Whippie, Va., about one and a half miles from Georgeiown, and a small quantity at Soldiers' Home, and in such quantities and at such times as ordered by the Quartermaster and at such times as ordered by the Quartermaster in charge. Corn to be delivered in good sacks, of about two bushels each, fifty-six (56) pounds to the bushel; Oats in like sacks of about three bushels

each, of not less than thirty-two (32) pounds to the bushel; Hay and Straw baled, and to weigh two themsaid (2000) pounds per ton. Bidders will state the price of Outs and Corn per The quantity required each month is estimated at our hundred and ninety-five bushels of Corp, two bousand five hundred and ninety-eight bushels of

meand five hundred and ninety-eight bushels of This is not given, however, as binding the United Stares to receive just that quantily, but simply as the nestest practicable approximation of what may be re-

he above quantity, by one-fourth, at any time dur-ng the continuance of the contract, by giving thirty The contractor will be required to keep at least one north's supply of forage and straw on hand, and to ave a place of business in this city. Guarantees will be furnished with each bid in the sum of five thousand dollars, signed by two responsi-ble suretles, that the bidder will, if successful, within

six days after his acceptance, execute a contract in accordance with the above requirements. A bond in the sum of treaty thousand (322,000) dol-lars, signed by himself and two accepted sureties, will be required of the successful blader for the faithful toldiment of his contract.

Fayments will be made monthly for quantity of forage and straw delivered, if its funds, or as soon thereafter as inhids are furnished for the purpose.

one to be paid for except on receipts of the parties whom delivery has been ordered.
All bids will be submitted to the Quartermaster-General before awarding contract Pellycries to commence immediately after award of contract.

Freposis, in duplicate, will be addressed to the undersigned, with copy of advertisement attached, marked "Proposals for Porage," and bidders are in-

By order of the Quartermaster-General,
J. C. McFERRAN,
Deputy Quartermaster-General,
Brevet Brigadler-General, U. S. A.,
and Depot Quartermaster. PROPOSALS FOR FRESH BEEF.

OFFICE OF A. C. S., FRANKFORD ARSENAL, PA., Scaled proposals, in duplicate, will be received by the undersigned at his office until 12 M., October 30, 1850, for turnishing the troops stationed at Frankford Arsenal with FRESH BEEF, of a good marketable quality, in equal proportions of fore and hind quarters, excluding necks, shanks, and kidney tallow. The Beaf to be delivated free of cost to the troops, in such quantities and on such days as may be from time to time required by the proper authority, and to continue in force six months, or such

nority, and to continue in force six months, or such as time as the Commissary-General shall direct, and subject to his approval, commencing on the 1st ay of November, 1869. then acceptance of the offer, security and bond in the sum of six hundred dollars will be required or the faithful performance of the contract Bids to be endorsed "Proposa's for Fresh Beef." WILLIAM PRINCE,

10 Sfmwet Breyet Captain U. S. A., A. C. S. GOVERNMENT SALES.

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LEGUIPAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 7, 1869.

Will be sold at public auction, at Schuyikill Arsenal, on THURSDAY, November 11, 1869, commercing at 10 o clock A. M., under the direction of Capitain William E. Gilli, Military Storekeeper United States Army, a large tot of unserviceable nd damaged clothing, camp and garrison equipage,

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Catalogues will be furnished on application at this office, or at the office of Captain GILL, Schuylkill Arsensi, or at the Auction Rooms of M. THOMAS & SONS, Nos. 129 and 141 South FOUNTH Street.
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On Wednesday Morning.

Oct. 15, at 10 o'clock, at No. 416 South Broad street, below Pine, by catalegue, the entire furniture, comprising suit handsome rosewood drawing from furniture, covered with black and crimson brocatelle. 5 pieces; olegant walnut oval centre-table: Halian marble-top walnut etagore; fine-toned rosewood seven-octave piano forte, made by Reichenbach & Son; 2 French plate pier mirrors; French mantel clock, runs eight days; b.onze figure and urns; eigeant walnut buffet sideboard, marble top; large malogany extension-table; set fine French china and gilt dinner, toa, end desort's service; stone, china, and glassware; fine plated ware; 2 walnut bookcases; mahogany bockcase; superior mahogany chamber furniture; fine curled heir mattresses; feather beds, bolters, and pillows; cil paintings, ongravings and ornaments; fine velvet, Etussols, damask, vecetian, and other carpets; English oil-eloth; superior reinigerator; cocking utensils, etc.

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